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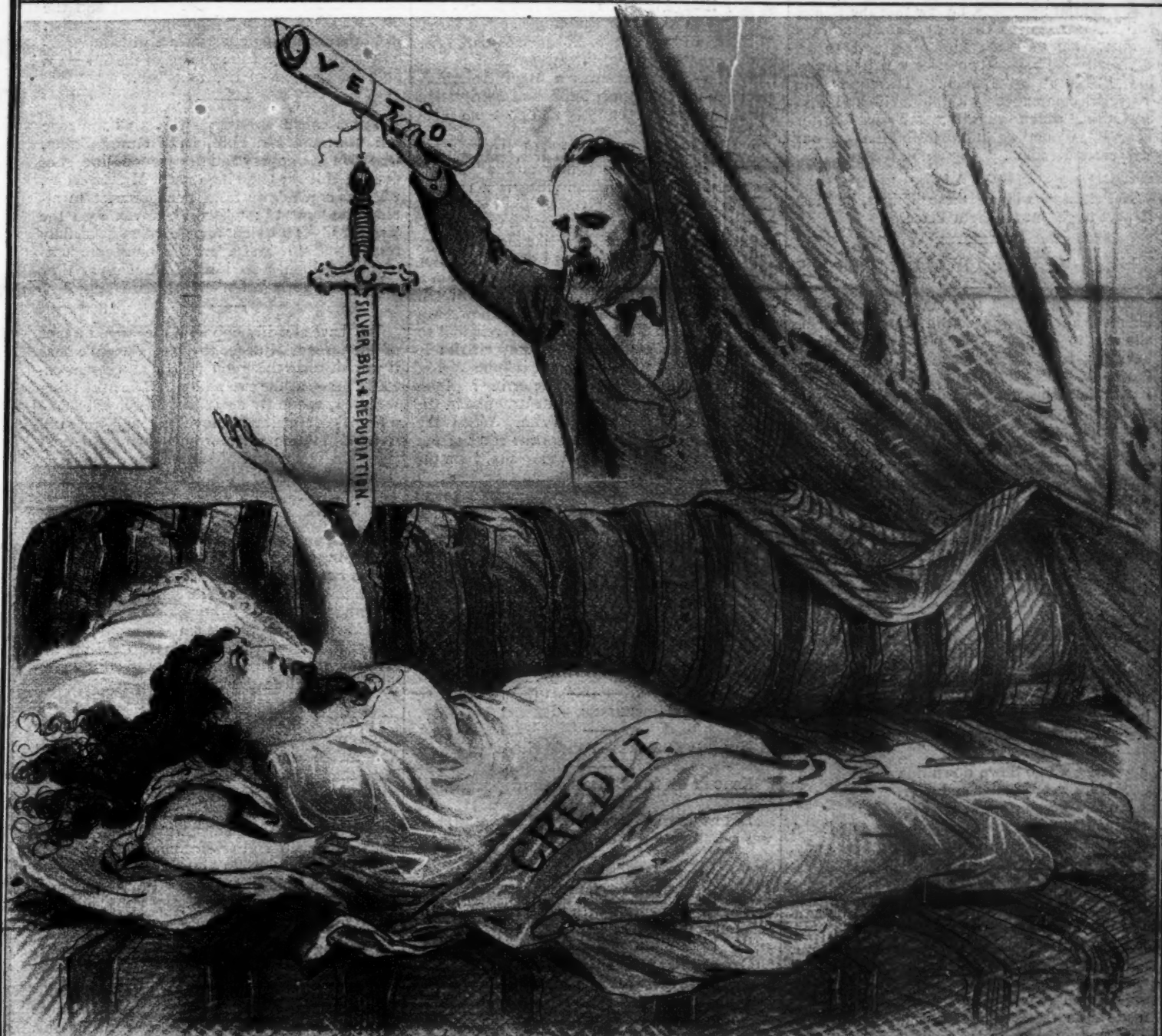


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THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

J. KEEPLER

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A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time, a Traveler was Journeying alone upon his Camel, when the Beast suddenly became Mad, and shaking the Traveler off his Back, he turned upon him and would have Bitten him; but the Traveler Made off as Fast as his Legs could Carry him. But in his Haste he came to the Bank of a River, and came Nigh to Falling In, which he would have done, had it not been for the Branch of a Tree, to which he hung with all his Might. While he thus hung by the skin of his Fingers, happening to Cast down his Eyes, he perceived an Enormous Crocodile, which opened its Jaws under him. Looking up from this Frightful Spectacle, he saw that the Camel had Pursued him to the very Brink, and was Endeavoring to reach him. To add to his Perplexity, he beheld two Mice which Gnawed like Blazes at his Branch. Thereupon the Traveler communed with himself and said Something which we will not Transcribe for Fear of Wounding the Sensibilities of our Respected Readers.

MORAL.

If Patterson will do these Things, he Must Expect to get into a Tight Place.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

It is to be hoped that Hayes has made up his mind about the Silver Bill, it must never be allowed to become law. The President is having a rather hard time of it, his party has fallen to pieces and he is now thankful for favors from his enemies. But much exercised as he is, Puck will keep a sharp look-out for that repudiation Silver bill.

The country must not be longer in suspense, for Liberty will be endangered. The Sword of Damocles hangs over her, and vacillation or nervousness from Hayes would ultimately plunge the country in greater misery, compared to which the last few years would be gloriously prosperous.

PUCK'S
ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

SENATE.

For a whole week, this dignified body has been having a real nice time. Democrats and Republicans have sung:

Here we go up up up,
Here we go down down down,
Here we go under and over,
Here we go round round round,
and at last Butler and Kellogg are seated. A little of the proceedings will go a very long way.

MONDAY, NOV. 26.

SENATOR DAVIS said that the eyes of the country were on them. He knew that he himself was a good deal to take in all at one view, but nevertheless some decision must be arrived at.

SENATOR EDMUNDS had made up his mind to speak for an hour or two. He rather liked to see himself reported in the daily papers. It made him think he was a statesman, but it just amounted to this, Kellogg must be admitted.

SENATOR PATTERSON didn't intend to address the Senate, therefore he felt called upon to speak for two or three hours. He was not scared at the thought of that striped suit in South Carolina, and would vote any way that paid him best.

SENATOR CONOVER said he was not a lawyer, although if the Senate listened long enough to his remarks they'd find it out without his telling them. If he were not laboring under a misapprehension he believed the question now being discussed was as to what Senators were and what Senators were not to be seated. He now intended to sit up all night, and trusted other members would do the same. Nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to have company—but he would just like to hint that Butler was the man he fancied.

Members then went to sleep, and voted pro and con when the spirit moved them.

The above is a specimen brick of each day's entertainment.

"REMEMBER, MASTERS, THAT I AM AN ASS."

WE have been singularly fortunate of late in our representatives at the Court of St. James's. Schenck initiated the British aristocracy into the mysteries of poker. Lady Mary Pierrepont was a bright American specimen of the genus Snob and Spiritualist, but old Welsh can see these and go them several better.

This charming, driveling old slaveholding superior imbecile who is now on the "briny" has given the Philadelphian villagers a taste of his quality at a dinner given to him by his admirers. The silly eloquent oration of the venerable donkey was something like the following:

"I have nothing to say, and I don't know how to say it. I ought to thank the Lord that I am a foreign minister, and he in his mercy will tell me what to do, for I'll be hanged if I know. My heart is full, but I'm not. I'm too religious to get drunk. Ask who is the most charitable man in the world. The answer is John Welsh. Who has labored to reclaim the erring? John Welsh. Who is the boss philanthropist in the matter of hospitals? John Welsh. Who is the only man in existence that has the good of our soldiers at heart? John Welsh. Yes, I am the A particular Christian who can't be beat. I am the personification and quintessence of every thing that is good and lovely, and shall be for ever and ever Amen, unless the Lord punish me for being a Slaveholder."

How Disraeli, Gladstone and Bright will quake in their shoes when they learn what a brilliant zany is coming to represent us!

Puckerings.

ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.—Potheen.

HOL(E)Y ORDERS.—Punch with care.

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.—Saturday night.

LOTTA carried Syracuse by storm. There was a Lotta reign there, in fact.

A NANTUCKETER has raised wheat from seed found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy. He is now experimenting with corns taken from the mummy's feet.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN commenced a permanent fast last week. We hate to cast a pall of gloom over the many hearts that will be made lighter by this announcement; but we are obliged to state that after 96 hours he struck food again.

THE Queen's County Hunt gave the regulation ball, à la mode anglaise, last week. The rooms were gorgeously decorated with masks and pads, the brushes of the miserable foxes, and other trophies of the chase. But where, oh where! was that anise-seed bag?

At the recent baby-show it was noteworthy that no father of twins or of single-barreled exhibits was to be seen, while the males responsible for the two sets of triplets were both on view. The awful calamity that separated them from ordinary humanity had placed them far beyond the bounds of shame or remorse.

It is all very well to read the glowing accounts of the success of revival-meetings, vouched for by all the prominent men of the locality; but what we want to find is a square old-fashioned minister who will strike an honest balance-sheet and own up just how many suspender-buttons he winnows out of the hat at every collection.

THERE are rumors of an alliance between the Servians, Montenegrins and Greeks; and the men who have been "following" the combat from the beginning contemplate with unspeakable horror the re-arrangement of the war-maps on a fresh system of nomenclature.

THE English sporting style is all the rage just now, and Mr. Spilliter, of Grand Street, who is in the hosiery and fancy-goods line, goes over to Hoboken and inquires of Mr. Barcalow, who has come down from Pemigewasset to attend the "meet": "'Arry, 'ave you seen the 'are yet?' To which Mr. Barcalow scornfully responds: "It isn't a 'are the 'ounds are 'unting; it's a hanise-seed bag." And then they go out and get a 'arf-n'-arf, and are 'appy.

WE have steadily opposed the appointment of the present Minister to England. We fear it will disturb the good feeling at present existing between the two nations. The next thing we know, the justly fastidious Briton will make a formal complaint of monotony, and will send over to inquire whether this country doesn't grow any other kind of snob than the Pierrepont-Welsh variety. Sam Cox was the man they needed.

CIVILIZATION has done much toward disseminating beautiful ideas of humanity; but Civilization can't successfully sit on the sympathetic thrill in a man's breast, when he reads of the opening of the cock-fighting season, and learns that in the first main a black-red goug'd the eyes out of a ginger-pyle and retired to private life with the loss of his own comb and with a residue of two tail-feathers and one spur.

WHEN a church convention meets and finds it has nothing to do for its board and lodging, the members resurrect the Hell controversy, and they pick out a candid delegate who declines to believe that unbaptized babies roast in sulphur to all eternity, and they promptly expel him and excommunicate him. Then they brace up and resolve unanimously to accept an invitation to dine in a body with the richest pew-holder in town.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH AGAIN.

MRS. GERTRUDE BEACH is at loggerheads with her church, Dr. Edward Beecher, Dr. H. B. White, Mr. Thomas Shearman, Mr. Halliday, and a Mrs. Elizabeth Dusenberry. There is a remarkable lack of Beecher about this affair. Has he retired temporarily from the scandal business?

NEWS OF THE DAY.

HERE is a great deal of skill required for the proper reading of a daily newspaper. I have been trying it for thirty years, and I've not got the hang of it yet.

In the first place, I never got entirely through a newspaper in my life, and I always found that the part I hadn't read was the part that everybody I met wanted to talk to me about.

Thus, it is true, I have been spared many frantic discussions on the war in Europe and the Bulgarian atrocities; but I must admit that it gave me the air of one who—to put it mildly—lacked a full and complete knowledge of historical events.

Newspapers, I presume, were invented for the purpose of informing us what transpires in the world; but so much that never transpires gets into print, and so much that does transpire gets crowded out, that no man who reads a newspaper can positively assert whether he is reading what has transpired, or what is about to transpire, or what couldn't transpire if it wanted to.

Which rather dims the lustre of newspapers in general.

Now, I am not a man of political aspirations; and, lacking these aspirations, it is not strange that I do not take any interest in politics. I scrupulously avoid the political columns. But, do you know, not a day of my life goes by without my being buttonholed by some excited Democrat or rampant Republican, and assailed with such questions as:

"What do you think of this Civil Service Bill?"

I express an opinion. That is, I do as a general rule. It lacks directness. It is more evasive than otherwise, and might just as well do for an opinion on the Chinese Question. It is not learned. But I accompany it with some ferocious expletive, and it is emphatic.

I have got up more cheap reputations for being a man of honest convictions, through inventing emphatic opinions on short notice, than come to most men in a lifetime.

It would not do to let the world know your ignorance of political matters. You would not be a dutiful citizen of this great and glorious country, over whose broad and bountiful expanse the great American Eagle flaps his triumphant wings, and whistles "Yankee Doodle" in a major key.

It is necessary that you should assume the air of a man whose deep-rooted love for his country (or his country's coin) makes him a tiller of a soil that is over-fertile with rank weeds.

I skip the politics of newspapers, and invent my own as I go along.

I assume, with brazen vigor, a vice I have not.

When I have got through not reading the political portion of a newspaper, I skip the sensational events.

Strange though it may appear, I do not find the slightest relish in following the minute details of how a drunken beast, in a filthy, reeking den, slaughtered his wife with a flat-iron, and pounded his children into jelly with a table-leg.

It is no doubt very beautifully written, and replete with literary outbursts that teem with gems of thought; but I don't want any in mine.

When Mr. Smith meets me in the afternoon, and says, with eyes aflame and look of unspeakable anguish, "What do you think of that murder in Baxter Street?" I shake my head, mutter "Terrible, terrible," and walk on like one who wraps the drapery of his ignorance around him and hies on to pleasanter themes.

I am never far wrong when I make that answer to such a question; and nothing I could say in response, springing from a close scrutiny

of the details and consequent reflection, would give the slightest additional weight to my opinion.

I don't read the theatrical articles. Not that I take no interest in the theatres, but because I keep myself posted on theatrical events of any consequence without reading the newspapers; and as I have opinions of my own concerning plays, and people that I have seen in them—opinions that I am not paid a dime to express—I do not see why I should become absorbed in the views of others, which, though more expensive, certainly are not half so interesting to me as my own.

As I started out to say, the news that I do not read always proves to be that which I am expected to discuss with liveliest zest.

I now read the papers by proxy.

My neighbor at the breakfast table runs through his sheet every morning, and I ask him:

"What is there going on?"

He says, "Oh, nothing;" I say "Ah," and we both derive the same amount of comfort from the information.

That's the quickest possible way of learning all the news of the day. You immediately become fitted for any discussion that may arise.

If you read every line in the paper, ten chances to one, you would misquote almost every time you tried to give the details of your reading to somebody else; and the arguments that you would become involved in would be overwhelming. As it is, you are so fully prepared to agree with everyone that comes along, that your renown for wisdom and your reputation for amiability go hand-in-hand.

You may rely upon finding every morning that some will is contested, or is going to be contested; that some bank has burst, or is going to burst; that some cashier has defaulted, or is going to default; that some public official has embezzled, or is going to embezzle—you can have your words of censure planned in advance in case you are called upon to express them—so why harass yourself by reading newspapers and finding out what you know already?

If you must read for pleasure, confine yourself to such features as the Lovers' Department of the New York Sun, or the P. I. column of the Herald, and be happy. If you come to the conclusion that editors are idiots, after you have finished, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their idiocy has not over-fatigued you.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. XXXVI.
BALTIMORE.

Ya-as, this is a aw town thrwee or four hours' journey fwom the considerable, stwag-gling village of Philadelphia, and is weally a much more attwactive spot. Jack and I just aw came on

he-ah, yer know, to tell some Baltimore fellows who asked our opinion if we appwoved of their place of wesidence. Always like to oblige a fellow, if it isn't too much twouble.

The Baltimore fellows are quite decent. Don't mean to say that they are pwoperly bwed, yer know, but they don't make their shortcomings so disagweeably appawrent; although they are nevah wearwy of letting yer know what verwy pure and aw unadulterwated ancestwy they spwing fwom, and accordingly put on

plenty of "side." A fellow told me, that he was a Smithly-Jonesly. Don't know who on earth that is, unless, perwhaps, as Jack Carnegie says, it is one of the lost twibes of the Hebwew wace.

An Irwish fellow is aw the aw Amerwican Lord Lieutenant of Marwyland—the county that Baltimore is in, yer know. Some of his gwandfathers aw had something to do with signing a wound wobin about independence. These venerwable Irwish bogtwotters were not so terribly poverty-stwicken as to be unable to pay something towards their twip acwoss the Atlantic aw some time ago—not like the aw Irwish emigwants who aw, Jack says, arwive now, and often get fwee passages. Baltimore fellows are extwemely pwoud of this fellow and his family, and invarwiably cwam him down your aw throwat on everwy occasion; but, after all, it's only a harmless and innocent amusement of a aw pwimitive people. I don't mind it, yer know, as it affords these aw fellows gwatification. Wather like to see this class of people enjoy themselves. It makes me feel less horwibly bawed, yer know.

In this part of the countwy, a peculiar aw arwangement, which fellows charwacterwize as "Southern chivalwy," exists. Jack says that this chivalwy means that everwy fellow carwies a wevolver in his twousers' pocket, and dwaws and aw shoots another fellow on the aw verwy smallest pwovocation. Doosid queer chivalwy this, by Jove. Sometimes one fellow calls another fellow out—a duel, yer know—just as the aw ancient barbwarians did when they quarreled. This is aw beastly bad form. Am surprised to find such a vulgah and widiculous pwactice appwowed of even among Baltimorewans. Shows sad lack of aw pwoperly-bawanced bwains and wefinement. Weal gentlemen don't get angwy or fierwy—too much of a baw to quarwel. If they do, they cut a fellow or send him to aw Coventwy. Only cads and snobs pwetend to be bwave and fight now-a-days, showing how little wemoved they are fwom animals. I shall have some other Baltimore things to descwibe aw.

Answers for the Anxious.

PIXIE.—Nixie.

MCs., Clearwater.—Spare us!

WATERBURY.—Wouldn't if we could.

PHITZ.—Many thanks. Used, as you see.

E. L. R.—Send address and we will answer by mail.

QUITO.—No such name—at least if spelled correctly.

HASELTINE.—She might, if you went about it the right way.

S. A. M.—As a punster you are the most glorious failure of the century.

JAMES D.—Join a hook-and-ladder company. There's a field that will suit you better than literature.

NED SCUPPER.—Thank you for your warning. We shall be prepared for the contribution now in course of construction, and shall bear the blow with fortitude.

E. O. J.—If there is any head or tail to your communication, will you kindly sent a chart with the position of those extremities marked on it. Is it a story? Is it a sketch? Is it a page from the Sybilline books? What is it, anyway; and why are you guilty of it? Mr. J., the wisest thing you can do is to settle down to a steady diet of corrosive sublimate to tone up your mental system.

TOPH.—Are you giving us Toph-fy, or what? We are perfectly willing to recognize your claims to the proud title of journalist, and we haven't a doubt that your contribution was a glorious production, sparkling with wit and brilliancy. But we have never seen it. Are you sure you sent it? Are you sure you are not trying to come a ponderous practical joke? What are you donating us, Mr. Toph!

MASS MEETING OF BABIES.

SPEECHES AND RESOLUTIONS.

Have Babies any Rights which Mothers and Nurses are Bound to Respect?

A STRIKE FOR FREEDOM.

A VERY enthusiastic public meeting of the Babies of New York and vicinity was held at Midget Hall last Monday evening. The assembly was called to order at a quarter past ten by TOMMY HOWLER, aged eleven months, who barks like a dog, and mews like a cat—who moved that BABY BILLY POPSV WOPSV, aged five months, weight fifty pounds, take the chair.

Carried unanimously.

THE CHAIR-BABY, in opening the proceedings, stated that his fellow babies were doubtless aware for what purpose this meeting was called. It was to protest against the manner in which they, as American babies and citizens of this glorious republic, were treated. How much longer were they to stand it? As a baby of the world—and he had had five long months' experience of its ways—he for one would not. There were so many grievances that he scarcely felt equal to the task of enumerating them. He objected to the constant application of the barbarous puff and powder all over his body; he—and, he would venture to say, every baby present—objected to being washed without his feelings being consulted. [Cries of ga! ga!] Then, as to food, he could not say that he didn't get enough to keep body and soul together—but it was a crying shame that he always had to yell when he wanted more. But why should baby diet be limited to milk? Milk, what was milk? It was a miserable, white, chalky fluid; was not over-nourishing, and anything but palatable. It was inconceivable that in this century of boasted civilization the large and important class of the community to which he had the honor to belong should be compelled to subsist on such miserable wishy-washy stuff. Mothers, fathers, and nurses didn't live on milk alone. Oh, dear no. They knew a trick worth two of that—they ate beefsteaks, fried oysters, and other delicacies, but not a morsel was ever given to the baby—they kept it all for themselves. [Cries of boo-hoo!] He had a name for this iniquitous policy—it was concentrated essence of meanness. He would now call upon the baby who was to move the first resolution.

BABY BENNIE BOUNCER, a red-cheeked forty-pounder of eight months, moved:

"That the systematic persecution to which the Baby class is subjected by all members of the community, especially mothers and nurses, is opposed to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States."

There was not a great deal left for him to say after the eloquent speech of his young friend, the Chair-baby. He said young because he (Bouncer) was three months older. In this United States, which was supposed to be a model government, it was shameful that the rights of the Baby should be ignored. Had not the North waged a sanguinary war against the South to free the Negro? Was not the question of Women's rights constantly agitated? Were not these rights acknowledged, to some extent? Was there not a society in existence for the prevention of cruelty to animals? And yet no effort had been made to ameliorate the condition of the Babies, the pride and hope of the nation! P.n.s were still recklessly plunged into their tender skin; pap was crammed into their mouths, and catnip tea was poured down their throats, by unprincipled nurses and mothers, regardless of their pro-

testations. He was glad to see so large an attendance at the meeting. Let them, as Americans and babies, strike for freedom, and they would obtain it. He had much pleasure in moving the resolution.

It having been seconded, the Chair-baby put the question, which was carried without a dissenting voice.

BABY SIN MON LONG, seven months old, of Chinese parentage, spoke as follows:

Me likee Melican baby, but too muchee baby New York. In China we dlownee too muchee baby, we—(cries of "chew your gum ring!" "chair!" "chair!" "shake up your rattle!") I say dlownee too muchee baby here allee same likee China ("ga! ga!" "where's your pigtail?" "put your head in a puff-box!")

BABY ELDAH METHIEL, a pious triplet of fourteen months, begged to move the following resolution:

"That a committee be appointed to draft a bill to be laid before Congress for relief of babies' disabilities."

He couldn't say much, because one of his set, he meant a triplet brother, had pulled his hair, put his finger in his eye, and hurt him generally. He didn't like to be exhibited as if he were a monkey. How would mothers and fathers like it?

BABY JOEY WOBLEY COBBLEY, five weeks old, weight one and a quarter pounds—who chews tobacco and drinks daily a quart of whiskey—in seconding the resolution, remarked that young and light as he was, he had experienced enough ill-treatment to open his eyes to the fact that mothers and nurses ought to be abolished. They were a nuisance. He didn't want to be rocked to sleep by the discordant and cracked voice of one of these creatures. He liked good singing and preferred a cultivated mezzo-soprano. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

AN UNKNOWN BABY asked if any legislation was contemplated with regard to feeding-bottles; some means ought to be taken of fixing it permanently to the mouth—it was always taken away from him when he most wanted it.

THE CHAIR-BABY said that such matters must be left to the discretion of the committee.

BABY TOUTSEY TWOSHES, aged six months, a twin, who was born with teeth in her head, entirely disapproved of the objects of this meeting (cries of "go to bye bye!" "hoo, hoo, hoo!"). She was perfectly satisfied with the manner in which her mother behaved towards her ("Hoo, hoo! shy a pap spoon at her!" uproar). She didn't see that babies had anything to complain of (cries of "put on her bib!" confusion). She liked the "catch-er, catch-er, catch-er." "the tootsicumptoo," and "the hush-a-by baby." ("You're a baby girl!") Yes, she was a baby girl, and as they had been talking so much about babies' rights, she demanded her right to speak free from interruption (uproar).

Here there were loud cries of "chair, chair!" from several quarters, and the meeting came to an abrupt termination by mothers and nurses bursting in the room in a body, and carrying off their offspring and charges *vi et armis*.

THE experienced barkeeper hangs the total abstinence pledge on his wall, and the grateful apostles of temperance give his establishment a good notice in the newspapers. And the regular customer drops in and signs his name among the brands snatched from the burning, cheerfully remarking: "Four fingers to-day, Jim. A man who's squared his accounts with religion has a right to a little extra indulgence."

ZACH CHANDLER has gone to farming. He will make a speciality of corn, and expects to economize largely by raising his own cocktails.

THE OBELISK OUT-DONE.

MORE OF PUCK'S EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION.

PUCK is enabled to lay before his readers this week additional information about the princely gift of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of China. A very distinguished engineer, residing near C—y I—d, has been selected by the Emperor as the person to whom alone he will entrust the delicate duty of shipping the great wall to these shores. The employment of this distinguished engineer is one of the conditions attached to the gift of the wall. This D. E. intends to box the entire structure, and putting it upon wheels, transport it to the coast of China, between Ningpo and Canton, whence it will be pontooned over to the American coast, landing somewhere near Santa Barbara, in California. Jules Verne, the eminent scientist, is now engaged in perfecting the details of this transshipment, having been requested to do so per cable.

As the Great Chinese Wall is in a remote part of China, some of Puck's readers may not have seen it, and the following description may not be out of place here:

During the reign of Chopstickho the II., of the Theachst Dynasty, 3,000 years B. C., it was discovered that numbers of the Chinese were in the habit of crossing the borders of the Flowery Kingdom, to avoid paying poll-taxes, water-rates, etc., necessitating the enlistment of a vast number of deputy-sheriffs, and a constant watch upon the frontier.

Bounty-jumping was also extensively carried on on the borders of Crim Tartary. (In fact we owe nearly everything to the Chinese, including gunpowder, printing, and a great many other supposed developments of our boasted modern civilization.) As the Emperor of China found this very inconvenient, and, furthermore, as his subjects were terribly harassed by sewing-machine agents from Russia, life-insurance men, book-agents, people selling prize-packages of stationery from Siberia, and tramps generally from the west of Asia, he formed the idea of building the aforesaid wall, which should serve the purpose of at once keeping both in and out of the Middle Kingdom such parties as were detrimental to it, either side of the proposed wall.

It is also alleged by other historians that the Emperor began operations by forming a Ring to control the building of the wall, and gave all his friends fat jobs; so that, when it was finally completed, his subjects looked upon it with the same degree of satisfaction with which our citizens gaze upon the New Court House bequeathed to them by our own Tweed et al.

The wall was not, however, finished in this good sovereign's reign, but continued to be, for a long time, a gold mine to the contractors.

At regular intervals along its sides were built towers ornamented with statues of the great men of China, such as the man who first discovered bird's-nest soup, he who first chewed orris-root after drinking, the inventor of the telephone, the inspired genius who invented free-lunches, and the immortal Chingpo, who discovered the passive principle of the slate. Want of space prevents us from pursuing the subject further at present.

JUDGE DAVIS is the most liberal man on the bench. When he sends a convict up, he gives him, along with the sentence, a brief biographical sketch, a sermon, and a lecture on jurisprudence. If he could only throw in a song-and-dance act and a negro sketch, it would lighten the rigors of imprisonment to an inconceivable extent.

THE VIRGIL OF SIR KENNETH OF LEE.

By THE GHOST OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

I.

A long time ago,
When people, you know,
Were much different beings from what they are now:
When farmers were yeomen,
And, strange to say, no men
Would ever aspire
To be titled esquire
Unless they were truly
Men of name, and had duly
A right to the claim of gentility.
When vassals for gold
Like cattle were sold,
In the brave days of old,
By the potentate lords of a feudal nobility;
When ghosts were believed in,
And people conceived in
Their creeds the existence of witches;
And respectable males
Wore queer little coats without any tails,
All embroidered, and laced,
Full, but tight at the waist,
With a rapier, and curt-hose, and buckles, and breeches.
There liv'd a baron, bold, of course,
As barons always are,
Who for his acts of chivalry
Was known both wide and far,
But whose once fiery nature was nearly worn out
With bile and bad temper, indigestion and gout.
Now, every day that the baron was able,
When free from rheumatics, to sit at the table,
A vast number of knights,
All right valorous wights,
Took their seats at the well-laden board,
And drank the Moselle,
And the sweet Tuscanel,
To the health—*santé belle!*—
Of this highly respectable wealthy old lord—
Not forgetting his daughter,
The fair Elsie Guise,
Who dealt out such slaughter,
From two bright black eyes,
That all the young nobles who had hearts to break
Were all but heart-broken for fair Elsie's sake.
The dinner was ended,
The olives commended,
The vintage of Malvoise and Burgundy blended,
To make up for Rhein-wine—stock nearly expended—
When the baron arose
With a frown—I suppose
As a sort of brow challenge to all absent foes—
And regardless of looks
And "Papa, do be quiet!"
Of the pretty young Elsie who sat on the hooks,
And was ready to cry at
The matter she knew her dad would let fly at.
"Gentlemen, all," the baron began,
"You see I am now getting quite an old man,
And I think it my duty—"
(Cry of "Don't be absurd," from the angry young beauty)
"To look in some quarter
For a tolerable match,
A suitable catch,
For the lady now present, my dear willful daughter;
For gold, land, or titles, not much do I care,
But he must have his share
Of steel-hearted bravery—
No coward's knavery—
And to look for a stout heart, the question is
'where?'
(Loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" from every one there.)
"Sir Ralph, Sir Kenneth, Sir Hubert the brave,
Fear nought, dead or living, on this side the grave,
And I vow by valor no other than *such* man
Shall marry my daughter—or I am a Dutchman!"

The lady wept—the dewy tears
Stole down her cheeks so sweet,
And, tossing back her raven hair,
She flung herself in wild despair
Before her father's feet.
"Take back your word, my noble lord,
I cannot wed as you would choose—
Lorenzo de l'Amour, I swear,
My nuptial couch alone shall share—
Can you your Elsie's quest refuse?"
"Lorenzo!" cried the sire, "a toy!
A whipper-snapper of a boy,
Upon whose lip the down doth make
An eyebrow, grown there by mistake,
A lady's page, not master,
The knights I name
Have noble fame,
Gained in the heat of war's disaster.
*Cowards prove them, and, by my word, I say,
You have my leave to wed ye whom ye may.*"
No more just then the angry baron said,
The timid servants bore their lord to bed.

II.

The lady called Sir Kenneth aside,
And, placing in his her little hand,
"You've often promised, Sir Knight," she cried,
"To do whatever I may command.
Now I have a favor I fain would crave—
No arduous labor, no cruel task—"
"Lady, but name 't, to your word a slave,
I'll grant your bidding before you ask."
"A kinsman has died,"
The maiden replied,
"The most noble the Marquis Tomnoddy,
And I wish you to-night,
Like a valorous wight,
To keep watch by the side of the body."
And right well pleased, the smitten Kenneth said:
"O trust in me, sweet maid—I'll guard thy dead!"
The lady called Sir Hubert aside,
And wreathing her face in girlish glee,
"A boon! a boon!" she gaily cried,
"Proud knight, thou shalt't grant a boon to me!"
Sir Kenneth of Lee
Seeks in wedlock poor me,
And he's much too gray-headed and staid, sir,
So I wish to ensnare him
And thoroughly scare him,
And this is the plot I have laid, sir:
I want you to die—
Not in earnest, don't sigh—
Such catastrophe, how could I ask it?
No, I wish you instead
To pretend to be dead,
And to lie for the corpse in the casket."
"It shall be done, fair maid, my word is plighted!"
Sir Hubert cried, with Elsie's plot delighted.

The lady called good Sir Ralph aside,
And giving one glance from her eyes so bright,
"I have a command," she laughing cried,
"List and obey like a belted knight.
Sir Kenneth of Lee, sir,
Keeps watch, do you see, sir,
By the side of a kinsman departed
To-night, in yon tower,
And I seize on the hour
To prove him 'fore all chicken-hearted.
So, dressed as a ghost,
While the knight guards his post,
You shall make an appearance most frightful,
And no pains we'll spare now
To give him a scare now—
O Hubert, won't that be delightful?"
This knight in turn his readiness confessed
To take the part and do his very best.

III.

The castle bell the hour of midnight toll'd,
And through the halls the solemn echoes roll'd.
'T seemed to the pacing knight a dull abode,
As with slow steps he back and forwards strode,

Now resting, weary, on his pennon'd lance,
Now casting on the corpse a hurried glance.
Death had he seen in many a bloody fight,
'Mid clanging arms and deadly charge of knight—
Yet here, alas, in silence, no one near
Save him now stretched upon the sombre bier,
The knight's blood chill'd like that of some base peasant,
To say the least, th' adventure was not pleasant.
What's that? A moan, a dismal groan,
A howl, a shriek ring through the room,
A clanking chain, then all again
Silent and voiceless as the tomb!
Sir Kenneth paused, half drew his trusty sword,
Then turn'd to bay without one faltering word.
No prayers had he: to shaven priests 'twas given
To make by proxy knights' appeals to heaven.
He tried to hum an Ave, but each note
Stuck like a burr in his unwonted throat;
And as he stood thus dazed with deadly awe,
This was the sight the hapless Kenneth saw—
An apparition, gaunt as e'er was seen,
A hideous goblin of majestic mien,
While all around a dense, sulphuric smoke
O'er the lone chamber in black cloudlets broke.
But action warmed the valorous old knight—
Away with fear—he'd something now to fight!
With gleaming eyes he press'd him on his foe,
And raised his gallant arm to strike the blow.

"I'm here! D'y'e see, mon;
Come at it, ye demon,
A Scotchman's a match for the worst of ye!
If come all your hosts
Of goblins and ghosts,
I'd thrash from the last to the first of ye!"

Then in a trice out flew the trusty blade,
And at the ghost the gallant Kenneth made,
And closed the angry twain in deadly fight,
For well the spectre fought, and well the knight;
And rang the clash of steel all else above,
For each one thought of Elsie and of love.

But what is that that palsies each stout arm,
Blanches each cheek and bristles with alarm
Each quivering hair? Why bursts that frenzied groan?
Why stand they there as though encased in stone?

Sir Hubert, the body,
Has thought all so odd, he
Has forgotten his part to show off in,
And upright he sits,
Scared out of his wits,
Trying hard to get down from the coffin!
One hasty inspection
Of this queer resurrection
Was enough for the knight and the goblin:
They hurried and they fled,
While Sir Hubert, half dead,
In his grave-clothes came after them hobblin'.

IV.

In castle hall the chafing baron sat
With lords and ladies, and all cried "What's that?"
As in amongst them dashed the pallid knight
And shrieking ghost—a very sorry sight—
Whilst after all the corpse came quickly clattering
With hurried steps and teeth with terror chattering.

Then Elsie with a winning glance
Bent lowly on her knee,
And, bidding de l'Amour advance,
Said: "Father, there you see
Three recreant knights who've turn'd in fear
Three frightened men as maids appear,
Whose tarnished shields, dishonored swords,
Declare them craven caitiff lords,
Unworthy now to win the prize
Or be the mate of Elsie Guise.
You gave your plighted word 'fore heav'n—
The task is done, the test is given!"

In vain the baron storm'd—who ever heard
Of a brave Guise regardless of his word?
The courtly de l'Amour, by his command,
Takes as his own the loving Elsie's hand,
And vows however hard old Fate may hit,
There's nothing helps us like a woman's wit.

MORAL.

There is a moral to my little story
Of love and chivalry and knightly glory,
Although someone, I *think*, has said in verse
The words I use—well, never mind, they're terse—
If woman will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't!

BERNARD BIGSBY.



PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

No. VIII.

THE PRAIRIE PHENOMENON.

(Reversible Portrait.)

PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

No. VIII.

THE PRAIRIE PHENOMENON.

OUR artist has sketched her in all the glory of her youth, beauty, and phenomenalness. He has given a comprehensive picture of the Star of the West. He has portrayed her in several different lights, and from at least two points of view. Cover her refulgent features with your hand and see whether you are looking this talented flower of occidental histrionism in the face from the rear, or from behind in the face.

By this clever device of our artist's, he endeavors to portray the flexibility of her genius. She has a sweeping and imposing presence, and a voice like Mars to threaten and command. Want of space has prevented our artist from getting her voice into the picture.

Miss Mary Anderson—for she and no other is our phenomenon—comes to us heralded as a prairie wild flower. What Miss Anderson has ever done to the Western paragrapher that he should ascribe a wildness to her genius and her beauty, we do not know. We will go the Western paragrapher several better and call her a prairie flower without the wild.

Miss Anderson has much to be grateful for. She has achieved a great success in our metropolis. If she has failed to have herself voted a genius, it is because New York doesn't believe in geniuses. And New York is not altogether to blame. Miss Anderson has that within her young and ambitious soul which will some day make a great actress. We won't be cruel to her fate and say she is destined to become a second Charlotte Cushman. We sincerely trust that she is not.

She has intelligence too—intelligence enough to realize that she is not perfect, and to seek to come nearer perfection as she progresses.

In the lexicon of youth which Fate reserves for a bright particular star, there is no such word as quail; and as Miss Anderson has seemed to grasp this truth, and fearlessly urges on her career of dramatic usefulness, we can predict her ultimate success. But she must not be misled by present triumphs. Nor should the glory in which PUCK has enshrined her turn her head any more than it is turned in the picture.

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAYLOR ELECTED BE-CASS THE OTHER MAN WAS DEFEATED.—THE VICE-PRESIDENT HAS TO FILLMORE OF HIS TERM THAN TAYLOR.—CALIFORNIA WANTS TO BE PUT ON THE FREE LIST.—COMMENTS ON CALIFORNIA.

General Zachary Taylor was nominated for President by the Whig party, in the fall of 1848. The Democrats nominated General Cass for their candidate. The contest was bitter on both sides; but there was probably a superior element of bitterness on the Taylor side, for he was elected President. The strength of Taylor lay in the vigorous appeal he made to the popular feeling of patriotism. The public mind was inflamed by lurid pictures of Taylor's achievements in Mexico, and while in this state of inflammation, the people voted for him. Cass tried to get up an opposition enthusiasm by claiming to be Casabianca, grown up, and sailing under a familiar colloquial abbreviation; but it did not go well. When the citizens of this enlightened republic were told that General Taylor had carried on the Mexican campaign single-handed; and that it had been his daily custom to catch half-a-dozen natives, break their joints, and grill them for breakfast, their

delight knew no bounds. They promptly promoted Taylor to the highest office within the gift of an electoral commission.



POPULAR IDEA OF GENERAL TAYLOR'S OPERATIONS IN MEXICO.

It might be interesting at this point to pause and inquire what became of Cass. It must strike the thoughtful reader that there is a wide field open to the historian in following up the half-obliterated footprints of Cass. Cass was doubtless a very nice man. Why has he been allowed to sink into the Lethean shades of oblivion? What became of Cass? Did he retire to his native State of Michigan and pursue the peaceful avocations of agriculture? Did he go out west and hunt the bounding Jack-rabbit? Did he become effeminate, in the retirement of public life, and devote himself to doing crochet-work for church fairs? What became of Cass, anyhow?

The fate of Taylor is not doubtful as a matter of history, nor peculiar as a matter of fact. He died. He was not the first to perform the operation, and he got no patent on the process. The system is therefore not a monopoly. Anyone may die who wants to.*

Taylor died on the ninth of July, 1850. Nobody knows what he died of, but it was probably of an attack of watermelon, in conjunction with a lingering touch of Fourth of July.

And at this juncture we feel that we must seize the opportunity to explain to our readers the weakness of a wide-spread fallacy concerning the Presidential duties. The chief magistrate of these United States is not, strange as it may seem, elected solely to eat molasses candy and swing upon the gates. We know that the poetry which appeals to the burning heart of youth has inculcated erroneous ideas on this question. Yet the truth must be told. His is a higher, a holier mission. It devolves upon him to play circus around the country, and to tote the show members of his cabinet through disaffected States.

Taylor was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, who found that the hero of the Mexican war had left him an extremely hard row to hoe. California wanted to be admitted into the Union. The South wished her to be admitted as a slave state, by way of upholding that beautiful scriptural custom. The North had different views on the matter. The discussion was lively, and kept on getting livelier. This was the period at which Taylor had thought it advisable to die.

California was considered a very desirable bit of property. The climate was tough, and calculated to tan a man's complexion inside of one year, provided the man held on so long. But then the soil was strong in gold and silver, and by the use of one ton of quinine to every half-ton of ore, a miner could get along first-rate in California. That is to say, if he was anything like an artist with the revolver, or had had a fair scientific training in the bowie-knife line. It was, of course, just as well for him if

* Please hand this paper to Mr. Eli Perkins.

he was a man who was accustomed to some irregularity in his meals—in fact, one who wouldn't be inconvenienced if his digestive organs had to skip a week or two at a time. A man who didn't care much about sleeping was, it is true, the likeliest man to come out of California with anything about his person; and a solid grounding in the rudiments of faro and seven-up was a prime requisite. Nevertheless, California was eminently a popular success.



GEOLOGICAL BEAUTIES OF CALIFORNIA.

One thing, however, we must acknowledge. It was sedulously concealed from the world that Bret Harte and Mark Twain were both out west, in the newspaper business, running patent outsiders, and stealing paragraphs and letting their humorous instincts expand in the boundless wastes of the occident.

(To be continued.)

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

THE Worcester Press has grown better and better since the resumption of the daily edition. The fountain of inexhaustible humor may not be located in Worcester, Mass., but the probabilities are numerous and healthy that Mr. Macduff Rewey has struck it, somewhere.

THE Courier Suisse, under the management of Mr. Fritz Hirschy, is an established success. It has recently published the neatest of all the editions of Hugo's "Histoire d'un Crime"; it boasts an artistic feuilletonist and dramatic critic; and in all respects it fills with ease and grace the comfortable little niche it has made for itself as the "organ of the American-Swiss population."

It is rare that we have to complain of being credited with jokes we haven't made. The other thing has occurred with a frequency that has made it, as it were, familiar. But there are a couple of paragraphs wandering through our exchanges under our name, of which we are entirely guiltless. One refers to a man who works out his road-tax in a manner not to be commended, and is apparently of western origin. The other one we forbear to specify. It is a very good one, and we aren't going to make a fuss about a little thing like that. And nobody need omit to credit any of our paragraphs for fear of striking this particular one. We owe this explanation to the courtesy of the Norristown Herald, Oil City Derrick, and others.

THE Norristown Herald is to appear as a Literary and News Journal; in large and handsome form. We are glad to hear it and wish it success. Mr. J. H. Williams will brighten its columns with his genial humor—and that fact above all should commend it to the affections of the reading public.

OAKLEY HALL, having sparkled as a lecturer at the Hub, will now be expected to scintillate as a spokesman among the fellows outside.—Graphic. Jesse so. Wheel hear him if he doesn't tire his waggin' tongue ere he reaches New York.

ISN'T it about time that the "Society journals" report Jesse Grant engaged to a Duchess, or a Marchioness? Or is it possible that the young man is holding off with an eye to the Princess Beatrice?





SENATOR PATTERSON'S PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ANTONY was not a nice young man, at least not that kind of a nice young man who is desirable for a small tea party.

He was a young man of very peculiar moral ideas. Were he to flourish just about now, more than likely the Young Men's Christian Association would be after him. Antony was lucky to have lived in those days.

What Antony did to prove his lack of moral character Shakspeare undertook to tell in his play. It is also good for Mr. Shakspeare that he flourished so long ago, before literature of that peculiarly exhilarating kind was forbidden to be sent through the mails.

Cleopatra was not a nice young woman; not of that degree of nicety that would entitle her to be the bosom-friend of—say Murray Hill, for instance. But for all that Cleopatra had her redeeming virtues. She didn't waste one arm holding up her dress every time she went out to walk, nor did she spend a small fortune on indigestible sugar-plums.

Her greatest trouble was her uncontrollable affection. She loved not wisely but too confoundedly well.

Antony's erotic submission was not very heroic, but it was painfully natural.

When I went to see the play at the Broadway Theatre last week, the first thing that struck me was its immorality. After a few moments I envied Antony; and I'm afraid when I left the theatre it was less with any distressing thought that the drama was immoral than with a feeling of sadness that Cleopatra should have died B. C. 30.

That may have been particularly owing to Rose Eytinge. She looked capable of winning even more stoical *Antonies* than F. B. Warde.

If Cleopatra could have walked into the auditorium and looked at her, she would have opened her eyes and her mouth beyond all Egyptian measurement, and whispered in tones of wonder:

"Did I ever really look as lovely as that?"

But she would have weakened on Antony. She would have turned sadly aside and looked around in the orchestra among the bald-headed critics for consolation.

"Antony and Cleopatra," as a play, has not much save the sensuous atmosphere in which it is steeped to recommend it. When Shakspeare wrote it, he must have been carried away by his heroine, and forgotten that there were other things than her passion necessary to constitute dramatic effect.

But he laid on the passion with a lavish hand.

I don't think he is responsible though for the short-skirted ballet and their pink-legged calisthenics. The immortal bard would have chuckled a little chuckle all by himself if he could have seen this saltatorial circus in the Alexandrian palace.

No; I think this is a modern innovation. I think it is too modern by half.

The Shaksperian drama ought to be encouraged—but discreetly. It ought to be treated with respectful consideration. It ought not to be snatched bodily out of its venerable casket and given a filigree setting like a Parisian diamond.

The combination is too heterogeneous. It isn't pleasant to sit listening to the Shaksperian text with a vague fear that the next minute

will bring on a sepulchral *Zamiel* ordering, "Ere the brazen tongue of time strikes on the midnight hour, let him be summoned hither!" The constant suggestion of *Herzog's* arrival, followed by *Greppo* eternally wanting to go home, is, to say the least, embarrassing. And besides, if we are to have the "Black Crook," we want more legs and sich than "Antony and Cleopatra" affords.

Rose Eytinge makes many things pardonable by her voluptuous rendition of *Cleopatra*; and if *Araminta* hadn't been with me I should have been more demonstrative in my applause.

But *Cleopatra* would have got all that I should have bestowed during the evening.

Sensuously yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—I think Shakspeare deserves a kindly mention for the really dramatic way in which he leads up to the death of *Eros*. It is quite a theatrical touch, good enough to have been taken from the French.

S. D.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

MISS NINA VARIAN is the latest performer of the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." It is said she was good, and we are sure she was pretty.

MR. CHAS. FECHTER comes to the new Broadway Theatre in a week or two, and the romantic drama will lure us to its new-found home.

SOTHERN may have been himself when he played *Sydney Spoonbill* in "The Hornet's Nest;" but he is himself caricatured by himself, with additional touches of himself by himself as *Dundreary* at the Park Theatre this week.

MISS MARY ANDERSON played *Eradne* and *Meg Merrilies* last week. She outdid her previous efforts and scored a real triumph. She is playing *Parthenia* this week.

DEXTER SMITH and Woolson Morse have composed an opera, "Alhambra, or the Pearl of the Palace." It will be produced at the Boston Museum, probably this Spring. Smith wrote the libretto and Morse the music. This is a deviation from the great American Drama.

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, has decided not to produce any more "untried" plays this season. Whether this is because the management cannot discriminate between a good and a bad play, or whether it intends to squelch the American dramatist altogether, is the question that perplexes us.

AFTER "False Shame" comes Mackaye's new piece of "Tangled; or, Lost and Won." After that W. S. Gilbert's new comedy, which was written for Mr. Sothorn, but which the latter concluded not to play, on account of the youth of the hero, will be brought out with Mr. Lester Wallack, our leading juvenile, in the principal part.

MR. DALY, after announcing that Mr. Jefferson would play no other engagement but the one in this city, will take that talented comedian through the country, supported by a specially engaged company. Puck places such absolute faith in managerial announcements that he generally remembers them—which is not always the case with the manager, however.

AIMEE cavorts at Booth's Theatre this week.

THERE is a rumor, that cannot, however, be traced to any reliable source, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be suppressed by the government.

FANNY DAVENPORT, the pulchritudinous and unpoetic, will play Shaksperian comedy, under Mr. Daly's management, at Booth's Theatre next week.

FOR the convenience of ministerial conventions about to assemble, we will give Lydia Thompson's route ahead as soon as she leaves New York.



A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

YOUNG WIFE: "My dear, don't be eternally finding fault with the fashion. If you don't like the style of my hair don't dress yours in that way, that's all. If I were to follow your example I should have to wear my hair bald-headed."

(Husband collapses.)

THE RISING YOUNG ACTOR.

THE rising young actor is to the modern theatre as the oasis to the desert. He is adored by young women, envied by young men, and alternately praised and reviled by the world generally. That he holds this position is due more to accident than intention. Tramping through the muddy bogs of his youth, he dreams not of a glorious future. However, fascinated by the deceitful tinsel of a passing show, he joins it, and revels in the luxurious sinecure of "utility biz" and six dollars a week. Then does his soul begin to soar; he yearns for fame; he knows there is a niche for him, and he is determined to have it.

Chance brings him to a large city. Cheek, a good suit of clothes, a supercilious manner, together with an icy indifference to all offers of a business nature, combine to insure him a superior engagement. Thus established, our young actor begins a course of self-education. He drops the pronunciation of rustic simplicity, and informs his friends that he "can't stop, as it's harf-parst eight, and being in that blarsted carst, he's obliged to leave them—awfully sorry, by Jove, you know; ya-as; ta, ta."

The rising young actor always plays sentiment, not too strong, you know, just the lovely, heavenly sentiment that makes the girls cry, and never dresses out of the style, and always parts its hair in the middle.

Presently, by a stroke of good fortune, the rising young actor obtains a part in which he has *such* sweet things to say, and can wear seven new suits during the evening, including a white flannel and a brown velvet, interspersed with various angelic smoking-caps and one distracting dressing-gown.

All this elegance proves too much for the delighted audience. It raves, it writes billets-doux, it sends flowers, it puts paragraphs in newspapers, it wines and dines him, it worships, it rains sleeve-buttons, studs and rings, it begs, it implores, it prays for autographs, pictures, locks of hair, a smile, a word, a look—anything that can be called a souvenir of the rising young actor.

At this period of his brilliant career, the object of all this adulation thinks it would be well to become misanthropic: he does so. He rails against the world; he is disgusted with everything and everybody; he loathes the theatre; he hates to act; he would give \$50,000 to be out of the profession; he refuses his part in the new play; his friends are in misery, the management in despair. He is interviewed, coaxed, entreated, reasoned with—no avail. As a last resource his salary is doubled. Then, and then only, he relents, and everybody is happy.

His position being now firmly assured, he becomes magnificently but carefully patronizing. He inquires after your health with such a palpable affectation of interest, that you feel annoyed at your own existence because it necessitates such an inquiry. He smiles calmly at all womanhood, and addresses them individually as "dear"—thus: "Thanks, dear," "Certainly, dear," "Not at all, dear," "Will you be so good, dear?" "With pleasure, dear," etc.

He abhors the effusiveness of the tender sex, and tries to hide his distaste for their society beneath a calm exterior of saintly endurance. He is altogether an institution without which the metropolitan theatre would be quite incomplete.

His lines have fallen in pleasant places, and although he never reaches the altitude of a star, it is only on account of the trouble, and it's much more comfortable to remain at home, and let the girls ruin their dainty kids by calling him out every night after the first act, because he looks so sweet sitting under a tree.

P. E.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

(CONTINUED.)

"PESTE!" she exclaimed, as Hugh advanced; and then, as if suddenly seeing him, she said, speaking with a strong accent, "Have you a cigar-light, monsieur?"

"No," said Hugh, with a laugh. "I honor Vandyke by carrying nothing more modern than a pipe in my pocket. But we can get a light from one of these little lamps."

"Ah—so! Will you do me the honor to accept a cigarette? It is a very great delight to breathe the fresh air after the heat of that theatre, don't you think?"

Hugh assented absently, and said:

"I am wondering whether we have met before—your voice is familiar."

"Ah, this voice of mine is a curious voice. One tells me it is like Raffioli's; another says it is Edouardo Bossi's; and yet another tells me it is like La Regina's."

"But there is the resemblance."

"Yes, I hope there is something of manly strength in my tone, to—balance—to equal—to make up—to compensate the absence of the sweetness that makes La Regina's voice perfect."

"I am content with your voice at its sweetest. No doubt it will grow deeper. You are young."

René fingered her moustache, and admitted that she was not old.

"Won't you find it easier to smoke without your mask?"

"It is sewn to my wig," said René; and, turning the conversation, continued: "You did not arrive until to-night?"

"I arrived about nine."

"Then allow me to show you the grounds—will you permit me?"

It tickled Hugh that this bumptious young foreigner should show him the grounds in which he long ago played as a child. But he was glad to have for a companion one who might know and probably would say something of René, possibly confirming his hopes of her truth; besides, it was charming to him to listen to the music of this voice, so like hers; and so he cheerfully accepted René's proposal.

René slipped her hand under his arm, and a thrill of pleasure tingled in her veins with the touch. For a moment she was overcome by an indescribable emotion. She felt that if she spoke it must be in unfeigned accents; that if he questioned, she could hide nothing from him, but tell more than she had ever whispered to herself. Why should this feeling affect her all so suddenly? Her fingers did but rest upon his arm lightly as rose-petals. A wire resting as lightly upon an electric battery might burst an ironclad.

Calmly unconscious of her emotion, Hugh sauntered by René's side, enjoying the fresh night-air, the smoke, the thoughts conjured up by his companion's voice. They came upon the arbor by the boat-house, where René had appointed to meet De Gaillefontaine. No one as yet was there. Hugh stopped, and looking about him with a puzzled air, exclaimed:

"Why, the boat-house has been removed!"

"How is it that you know that, who came here not until nine?"

"I did not say that I had never been here before, monsieur."

"It must have been long since. Talking to

La Regina this morning, she told me it had stood where it stands for years."

"Very likely. I have not seen it since I was a boy."

"Then truly you must be the cousin of whom she talks."

"Does she talk of me?" asked Hugh eagerly.

"Only to me."

"Then you are intimately acquainted?"

"I know only her voice well—that completely. And you?"

"Unfortunately, I know her too little; and my little knowledge does her injustice."

"Tell me what you know against her."

"I know nothing; and if there were anything against her, monsieur, an English gentleman would be the last in the world to satisfy your curiosity."

"A thousand pardons, signor—Sh! Here she comes. Stand back in the shadow here. I would not be seen. Ha! who is that with her? De Gaillefontaine—brute!"

René had drawn Hugh rapidly into the shadow afforded by a guelder-rosebush. Close by, Raffioli passed with De Gaillefontaine. He was speaking to her in French, to which she responded in short, low sentences as they entered the arbor. René, holding Hugh's arm, whispered:

"They talk French—I cannot understand. I am of Italy; tell me what he speaks."

Hugh stepped from the seclusion into which he had been drawn, and said to his companion:

"I will not listen, and certainly I shall not tell what I have unwillingly overheard. Let us take this path."

"No, stop," said René. "The tone of his voice tells me that he spoke of love. He, De Gaillefontaine, to her, René! Come, we must watch them to the end of this."

"We must do nothing of the kind."

"You refuse?"

"Yes; and I will not let you play the spy upon my cousin."

"Hush! speak lower; they will overhear you. He talks now. You think I am jealous of that man—and that is all. It is not so. And will you suffer her to go unprotected if I tell you she is in danger?"

"Danger!"

"Perhaps you believe these stories, and think your cousin is not—"

"I believe nothing but my own consciousness with regard to her; but if you tell me this Frenchman is unprincipled—"

"You will believe me!" Then I tell you that five minutes ago he professed love for another woman."

"I will stop here. We can hear her voice, though not what she says. If she is in danger and needs assistance, she shall have it."

M. de Gaillefontaine led Beatrice Raffioli into the arbor, which he had specially prepared for the occasion. Around the sides were planted exquisite ferns and flowers, and in the surrounding foliage were distributed a hundred lamps, which shed a soft yet sufficient light. It is hardly necessary to add that monsieur's taste had supplied several large silvered globes, without which a Frenchman's paradise is imperfect. There was a seat covered with a yielding rug, and to this De Gaillefontaine conducted Raffioli; and as she glanced round, he said:

"It is thus that I would surround your life with flowers, elegance and joy."

"Can I believe you?"

"Can you doubt me? Can you do your own beauty such injustice as to believe that one so constantly viewing you should not be enslaved? Can you doubt that I who have so long been at your side love you truly?"

"But you may love another also, my friend."

"No, no; my word of honor, no!"

"I am told you have loved Beatrice Raffioli."

"Ah, it is an infamous falsehood—an abominable slander! Who is it that has told you this?"

"She herself."

"Shameless, false, abandoned wretch! Is it thus she returns my many kindnesses? She knows how madly I love you, and is jealous, poor fool! She tells you this to prejudice you against me. How is it possible I could love her and see you? Is she so truly blind to her own deformities?"

"She tells me you would marry her."

"Alas, what can I say? Will you believe this creature, this devil, who is mad of envy, in preference to one who loves you and would sacrifice the world for your happiness?"

"Would you sacrifice her—this Beatrice Raffioli?"

"With all my soul; oh, yes, with joy! Regard! She has for a long time troubled me with attentions which disgust me. I would have shaken her off, driven her away long since, but that I thought you liked the woman. Now it will be easy if you disbelieve the lies she will tell. I will speak to her no more; no, not one word. The little Fiazotti sings better than she ten thousand times; to her we will give the leading rôle in the future; then this Raffioli will go away and poison herself with envy. Raffioli! she is thirty-five, and her voice already cracks. Ah, my God! to think I could love her; I, who have at least taste!"

It is unfortunate for the charmer if accident brings him in contact with a snake to which his fascinations are distasteful; and this is especially the case if the deluded man is unconscious of the mischief he is making for himself, believing that the charm he exercises is soothing the irritated creature. M. de Gaillefontaine had poured into Beatrice Raffioli's ear the sweet love-strain intended for René, and the more he tried to please, the more he infuriated his pythoness.

She leaned back in the rug, and seemed to lend a pleased ear to all her companion could say against her. A nod, an approving word, confirmed his error, and led him to aggravate his mistake. Under this show of calmness the fiercest anger seethed and bubbled in the woman's breast, impatient of control, and gathering force under the restriction. But that she thirsted for a fuller, deeper revenge, she would, despite her promise to René, have thrown off her mask, and vented her rage in such sarcasm and irony as her bitter scorn and De Gaillefontaine's position suggested.

A dozen schemes of vengeance had entered her mind and been rejected, when this last insult was added. It was almost more than a mortal woman of thirty-four could endure to be told that she was thirty-five. She winced, and bowed her head to hide the expression which she feared even her mask would not conceal. In the presence of a too ardent lover, maidens bow their heads; thus thought M. de Gaillefontaine, and resolved at once to press his suit to a point, everything looking so favorable. Down he went on one knee, and took the hand of Beatrice in his. How cold it was!

At that moment her ear caught the sound of a man's voice, speaking low but near. Did this accident afford means of revenge? With a few hackneyed sentiments, De Gaillefontaine took her hand to his lips and kissed it rapturously. In a moment she sprang to her feet, and cried, in a loud voice, "Help! help!"

Before the astonished Frenchman could rise to his feet, there came one crashing through the green walls of that arbor, scattering the tiny lamps, treading down ferns and flowers, and laid hold of him by the nape of the neck.

"That man has insulted me, monsieur! I place his punishment and my redress in your

hands!" cried Raffioli, in her fierce excitement speaking in the dialect natural to her.

It was Hugh Biron to whom she appealed. The Gascon French was as comprehensible to him as broad Scotch to a Parisian; but her meaning was fully understood. There was no mistaking the denunciation and command in her voice and gesture. Hugh was a joyful servant, and raising the Frenchman with cheerful alacrity, jerked him out of the door as if he had been no more than a misbehaving hound.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN that cry for help came, and Hugh threw himself into the shrubbery before him with the impetuosity and vigor of a bull, René felt a trembling, and it seemed as though her heart had bounded into her throat. It was not fear for Hugh, at the risk he ran by answering that appeal for help, that affected her, but a great gladness at this proof of his love for her; nor was it fear for him that filled her with anxiety to be beside him when Raffioli desired him to avenge her, but a proud exultation in the knowledge that he would do her bidding. She made her way as speedily as she could to the entrance of the arbor—having too great a regard for her tender flesh to follow in Hugh's steps—with the desire to see her cousin punish De Gaillefontaine. She had no doubt of his ability; for a woman believes no physical achievement impossible to the man she loves. She got to the entrance as De Gaillefontaine came floundering out.

Hugh turned to Raffioli, assuring her that the Frenchman should be made to apologize, and placing her under René's protection, hastily stepped out upon the open space to see what further attention was required by De Gaillefontaine.

The arbor was upon the edge of a bank sloping to the river, and down this De Gaillefontaine rolled, only saving himself from the water by digging his nails into the sod. The agile little man was on his feet in a minute, and his passion being roused, he sprang up the incline to Hugh, who was waiting for him, deviating from the straight line to meet him upon the level ground. The moon, shining just above the trees, and the artificial illumination were sufficient for the men to see each other with tolerable distinctness. De Gaillefontaine made for Hugh with his foot, but his antagonist had learnt the trick in the studios, and knowing what to expect, stepped aside, caught the foot, and threw monsieur upon his back.

The folly of opposing his own dapper body to this monster of bone and gristle, this barbarous English six-foot giant, made itself evident to De Gaillefontaine as he recovered the breath bumped out of his lungs by the fall.

"Perhaps you will like to murder me," he said, with sarcasm.

"No; but I shall have to throw you in the river unless you promise to apologize to my cousin."

De Gaillefontaine, rising to his feet, at these words looked with a new interest at his adversary, seeing for the first time whom he had to deal with.

Hugh had lost his hat, and thrown aside his cloak, in bursting through the arbor, and thus De Gaillefontaine failed to recognize him in that brief space preceding his forcible ejection.

[To be continued.]

THE Philadelphia *North American* advertises pulp for sale. The inference is that they have dealt roughly with some poet who has called to dispose of his heaven-born verses.—*Oil City Derrick.*



Puck's Arranges.

CLEOPATRA'S COSTUME.

A POINTED crown of gold glittered on a work table in a private parlor of the Coleman House into which a reporter was ushered on sending up his card to Rose Eytinge. It served to recall the purpose of his visit, which had grown somewhat dim and indistinct under the greeting glance of the new Cleopatra's flashing dark eyes.

"Good evening, madam," said the reporter, about to seat himself—he is somewhat shortsighted—on some needlework—Cleopatra's needlework, which the lady had evidently laid aside when she arose to receive her visitor.

"Good even—not there, please. Take this seat," said the hostess with one majestic sweep of the arm removing the reporter from his insecure position, half standing, half sitting, and with the other catching up the menaced danger, which had an eye, softly bright, and was threaded.

There was a pause—composure on the part of the lady, a light perspiration and speechless gratitude as concerned the reporter.

"Can I serve you in any way?" queried Cleopatra calmly.

The reporter was about to remark that if a life of gratitude for what she had already averted, if devotion, undying, deep—but the pointed crown recalled him.

"I read in a paper," he remarked, "that when the dressmaker intrusted with making your costumes for Cleopatra went to see Picou's painting, to which she was referred for suggestions, she came away saying that the whole matter might be more properly referred to a jeweler. I have been sent to ask—"

It might have been fancy, but the reporter thought at this moment the lady's face was convulsed with laughter. He paused.

"Pray continue," said Cleopatra, "you have been sent to ask—"

"Why."

"Why?"

"Why; yes, m'm."

"I infer," said the actress, "that you are not familiar with Picou's painting of Cleopatra."

The reporter confessed his ignorance, and a creepy, uncomfortable feeling came over him as the thought entered his mind that perhaps he had trodden on dangerous ground.

"What—is—the costume?" he managed to say. "Why should a jeweler have been mentioned in connection with the matter? Of—what—does—it—consist?" he blurted out, getting warm.

Cleopatra rose to her full height, and the word came from her lips with unmistakable clearness:

"A necklace."

The reporter blushing withdrew.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE doctrine of "eternal punishment" has been referred to as a "consoling belief." There is not so much irony in the allusion as there might be, since "eternal" means without beginning or end, and all finite creatures are therefore exempt from it. The Springfield and other clergymen who are talking about "eternal" damnation would do well to go back and take a new departure from the dictionary.—*Worcester Press.*

QUICKSILVER—the nimble sixpence.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

IF night-air is unwholesome, how about the longevity of owls?—*Phila. Star*.

IT would seem that Vanderbilt worse than he knew.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

The spectacle of a fat man in a helmet-hat is what makes men murderers.—*Hawkeye*.

MR. TALMAGE is about to abandon round dances in the pulpit.—*N. Y. Herald*.

POOR old Pop Corn Hewitt is reduced to the argumentum ad hominy.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

TRUTHFULNESS with Wendell Phillips seems to be one of the lost arts.—*Newark Courier*.

IF Theodore Tilton makes up with his wife, will he apologize to Mr. Beecher?—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

BOB INGERSOLL says what made him an infidel is because Noah took bedbugs into the ark.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

BOB INGERSOLL was introduced to a lecture audience recently as "a rising young atheist."—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

THE Democratic section of Hon. David Davis appears to be growing heavier than the rest of him.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

IT was of course a Western orator who in a burst of eloquence referred to "Ramrod, the Mighty Hunter."—*Worcester Press*.

BARNUM ought to secure a collection of Chicago bankers, who appear to be the shortest men in the world.—*St. Louis Journal*.

THE new turn-down felt hats make a man look as though all the mean things he ever did in his life had fallen on him at once.

OUR great war Governors are becoming scarce, but then we have a few Generals, Colonels and Majors left.—*San Antonio Herald*.

WHEN M. THIERS was a young man he wrote a complete work on spherical trigonometry. But he repented of it before he died.—*N. Y. World*.

A MISS PIGEON came very near being drowned at Memphis last week, but a man doffed his cote and dove in after her.—*St. Louis Journal*.

THIRTEEN is an unlucky number of persons to sit down to dinner—if there is only enough to go around comfortably for twelve.—*Unknown Genius*.

OLD LADY (to loafer): "My man, where is the Offord Arms?" Loafer (opening his): "Here they is, mum, and off'd freely."—*Fun*. (Style of joke they like in London.)

MEN folks have got to endure the dazzling effects of those red flannel skirts again this winter. It's tough, but let 'em dazzle.—*Berkshire Courier*.

A MAN in Louisiana has had four wives go off and leave him. The fifth he swapped for an old shut-gun, and now he has got something that won't go off.

"Is it proper to say, 'I see the sun rising,' or 'I see the sun rise'?" asks "Balto." Sir, the proper thing is to get home before it rises.—*Mystic Mirth-maker*.

THE governmentbuilding that burned in Washington, not long ago, had a great many subscribers notwithstanding its "patent inside."—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

A SPRINGFIELD evangelist announces that he will preach next Sabbath on the subject: "Ought a Methodist dance?" Then he should follow with the discussion of the question: "Should a Presbyterian drink gin?" "Ought a Baptist play draw-poker?" and "Why should an Episcopalian keep a race-horse?"—*Awki*.

IN China it is customary to drown female infants. This looks very bad, but it keeps people from leaving the sidewalk and going round in the mud.—*Cour. Journal*.

WE received a circular warning us to be careful when taking \$10 bills, as so many counterfeits are in circulation. \$10 bills! what is a \$10 bill, anyway?—*Whitehall Times*.

Besides "That Boy of Mine," "That Husband of Mine," and "That Girl of Mine," one can now read in Nevada papers "That Ophir Mine."—*Brooklyn Argus*.

A RACINE girl-baby has just been born into the world with seven fingers on each hand.—*Phila. Chronicle*. Won't she make the piano of the future sick!—*Easton Free Press*.

PHILADELPHIA Christians have always tried to make churches attractive, and they have succeeded so well that one man was attracted there to shoot his wife.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

DURING a thunderstorm two dogs that howled dismally at night were struck by lightning and killed. Howling dogs should cut this out and paste it in their hats.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE ladies are all down on the telephone. They don't like to have a fellow whispering in their ear with his mouth, like Sheridan at Winchester, twenty miles away.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

IF it is true Dan Voorhees "doesn't let the grass grow under his feet," as the *N. Y. Com. Adv.* asserts, there will be a bad lookout for fodder in Washington, while he's there.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THE subject of a Western lecture is, "The march of man from the beautiful to the useful." We suppose that this refers to man's change from champagne to old bourbon.—*Worcester Press*.

"In the sentence 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school-teacher, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.—*Unidentified Ex*.

THE Worcester Press believes there is a difference between a bill-board and a board-bill. We fail to see it. The one is a poster, and everybody is opposed to the other, too.—*St. Louis Times*.

A FRENCH dancing-master in New York waltzed for seven consecutive hours the other evening without stopping for a moment. That was what you might call a gyrate performance.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

LONGFELLOW's sonnet to Tennyson reminds us that he is now probably wreathing a garland of poesy for our head. It may not be essential, Mr. Longfellow, but our size is seven and seven-eighths.—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE difference between the black and white race is easily explained. When a white man is choking he turns black, but when a colored man is in the same fix he doesn't turn anything but his eye-balls.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

IT is said that the instinct of cats gives them sure intelligence of the coming of an earthquake. That must have been what a Huntington Street cat was talking about the other night, but no one understood her.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A BOSTON man, who was sent to prison the other day for forgery, had previously been so noble, so pure and so innocent, that the jailers, on searching him, saw where his angel wings had commenced to sprout.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

JULES VERNE's latest hero is "Hector Servadoc." He rides across the country on a rainbow and alights on the grave of Moses. We have a suspicion that the story in which this hero figures is not true.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT is said that a statue of Diana, stone-dead, made of plaster of paris and emery, will soon be resurrected in Michigan. Very likely an attempt will be made to palm it off on the public as the wife of the Cardiff giant.—*Graphic*.

IT is said there is something noble in honorable poverty, and there is hardly an editor in the country who does not feel himself loaded to the muzzle with the laurels of this glorious but inconvenient character.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

THE horny-handed politician who got himself up for the workingmen's ticket is now doctoring his blisters and wondering what game he will have to play to capture the intelligent American citizens at the next election.—*Hawkeye*.

GRANT laid a wreath of immortelles on Thiers's grave yesterday. MacMahon viewed him through a long-range lorgnette, and was understood to say, in broken English: "Darnation! Je wish il would aller a Ballyhack!"—*Graphic*.

MANY clergymen do not yet know where their winter overcoats are to come from, but they feel a sweet and solemn faith that they will get 17 pairs of slippers each about Christmas time, and that none of them will fit.—*Rome Sentinel*.

UNLESS the coming woman is born with a longer arm than those now in use, she can't wear any more buttons on her kid gloves than the present fashion permits.—*Norr. Herald*. How stupid to fore-warn her in that way. Now she will be born four-armed.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

PRETTY SOON the wintry winds will blow, the snow will cover the ground, the sleet will fall, the sidewalks will have a surface of mirror-like smoothness, and the mind of the paragrapping man will be perturbed by the lurid glare reflected from striped stockings.—*Worcester Press*.

PEOPLE who label their letters "in great haste" are dying off one by one. They are dropping off with heart-disease. A week after they mail their important letters they see them advertised as being held for postage, and the result is fatal. Thus another great tribe will soon become extinct.—*Derrick*.

"Is Governor Rice in?" inquired a seedy-looking man of the clerk of the Brunswick, Boston, a few nights ago. "Yes," said the clerk, "yes, he is." "Well," said the man, walking out, "I'm glad of it; it's a wet night and he might catch cold if he was out."—*N. Y. Evening Post in a fresh mood*.

MAN may labor all his life to achieve some dream of ambition, and may tread legislative halls, or occupy executive chambers, but when he is notified that his friends are coming with a brass-band to serenade him, he realizes that he made a mistake in not choosing the humble lot of a tin peddler.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THERE must be some truth in the rumor that Benjamin F. Butler is soon to be married. He has hardly said a word during the present session of Congress. He is evidently preparing for the time when he will have to sit quietly by and let some one else do the talking.—*Cleveland Leader*.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has been electing the next President. It has not yet disclosed his name, but it gives him ninety-three majority in the electoral college. The Enquirer assures us that he will be a Democrat, and yet we are afraid that the Republican party will go on holding conventions, nominating candidates, and electing them just as it has done for sixteen years.—*Philadelphia North American*.

WE trust that Mr. Hayes has not been scared out of appointing Bob Ingersoll minister to Germany by the cries which have gone up from the horrified believers in "Christian statesmen." We haven't Christians enough like Pomeroy, Colfax and Shellabarger to go round. It will not be hurtful to piece out with Bob for Germany. Bob is a little heterodox, but he is square.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

WE wish Dr. Prime and Colonel Ingersoll would quit talking about Tom Paine and tell us candidly what they think will become of a man named Catlin, who writes such things as this in the *Commercial Advertiser*: A suggestion to advocates of the free pew system—"No pent-up pew-taker contracts your powers."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THERE was quite a company of distinguished guests sitting round the table after dinner, who happened to disagree as to the date of a certain event of which they had been talking, when the host's 8-year old 'un attempted to expedite the solution of the problem by suddenly asking, "Why, mamma, what day was it you washed me?"—*Veiled Prophet of Somewhere.*

PROF. GUNNING has been lecturing on the glacial period. He is confident that in a million years New England will again be given up to ice, but after 250,000 years it will come out from the deadly embrace and assume its normal condition. This reminds us that the professor owes this office eighty dollars for printing.—*Danbury News.*

BOSTON is fond of the wild exhilaration and extravagance of a lecture. Indulgence in lectures is a species of debauchery into which she throws herself with all the frantic impulse of a nature unused to restraint. As is the opium habit or the cocktail habit with ordinary humanity, so is the lecture habit with that Athenian public.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"YOUNG NIMROD" wants to know if he will have to pay more than \$50 for a good, thoroughbred, well-trained setter. We don't know; it depends on the man of whom he buys. If we owned all the dogs this side of the darkly-flowing Styx, he could have the lot, f. o. b., buyer the month, for nine dollars and a half and the back taxes. And then we'd always be ashamed to look him in the face whenever we thought of the nine dollars.—*Hawkeye.*

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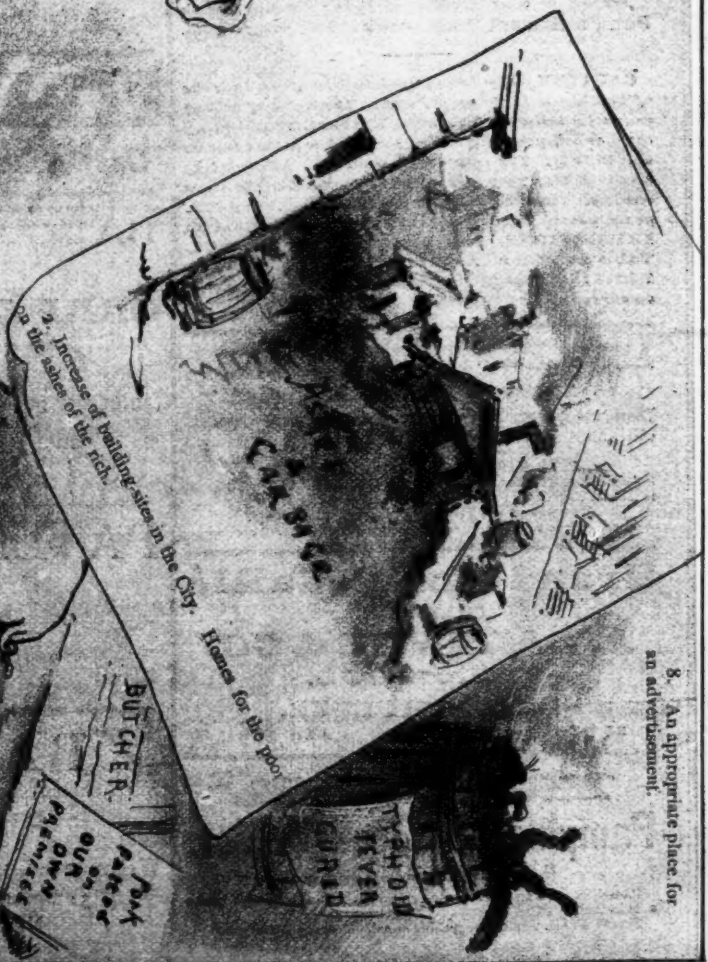
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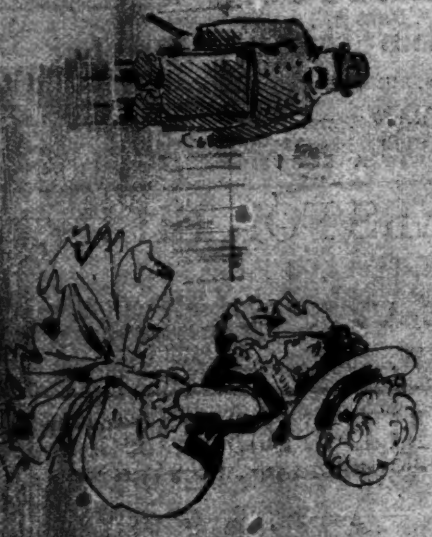
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